

Akala - This is London Lyrics

The place where ya find the coldest
ballers you ever seen,
but they locked up or dead, not in the
premier league,
best kid that I knew turned feind by 16,
it seems things never the way you see in ya
dreams,
years past, tears start, kids turn to teens,
that sweet child you knew, grill dun turn mean,
daddy left him and reality set in, there's
no cream,
and it's embarrassing goin school with
holes in ya jeans,
so you know the cycle, it's little bags of green,
get expelled and sell the world hell by 16,
fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean,
couple bottles of cris sipped and wrist slit mean,
and it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible,
catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle,
it's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is,
and aint nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip,

Chorus

This is London,
black tugs bust big slugs,
This is London,
give ya fuckin' punks tough love,
This is London,
single mums dat pump drugs,
This is London, Bruva this is London

(London calling...)

The place where it don't matter if you
never sold a shot,
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got",
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave,
No reason, other than niggas is
frustrated,
So many catchin cases, over screw faces,
And dumb shit, like we come from different places,
London, get ya shit smoked like a chalice,
Same city, different planet, from
Buckingham Palace,
Where young tugs is clutchin' big straps
that's Russian,
And dyin' to buss it, what the fuck good is

discussions?

Where hood rats is suckin, any dick that
push a nice sumthin',
And them said gyal'a get you set like ya
life's nuthin',
Coz life's nuthin', that's just how it is,
And there ain't nuthin on these roads
gonna change but the clip,

Chorus

The place where you don't fuck with the
Turks or the Asians,
Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians,
Where them cockney boys will chiv your
face, you mug,
No love, every colour mentality thug,
But we take it to a whole 'nother level,
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not
clever,
Never far from the hood, even in the
sticks,
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip,
By some little skinny kid, think he big with
the chrome,
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but
the skunk said no,
In this place, if you work you're an idiot,
Most of the smartest muthafuckers
illiterate,
Coz tax is a bitch, take half of ya pension,
Just to fight war, now they want
congestion,
And they wonder why we all goin insane,
This is London, tell me is your city the
same?

Chorus